In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I, where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell vpon a little weſterne flower;
Before, milke white; now purple, with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idleneſſe.
Fetch mee that flowre: the herbe I ſhewed thee once.
The iewce of it, on ſleeping eyeliddes laide,
Will make or man or woman madly dote,
Vpon the next liue creature that it ſees.
Fetch mee this herbe, and be thou here againe
Ere the *Leuiathan* can ſwimme a league.
Puck. Ile put a girdle, roũd about the earth, in forty minute
Oberon. Hauing once this iuice,
Ile watch *Titania*, when ſhe is a ſleepe,
And droppe the liquor of it, in her eyes:
The next thing then ſhe, waking, lookes vpon
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monky, or on buſie Ape)
She ſhall purſue it, with the ſoule of Loue.
And ere I take this charme, from of her ſight
(As I can take it with another herbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page, to mee.
But, who comes here? I am inuiſible,
And I will ouerheare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena *following him.*

Deme. I loue thee not: therefore purſue me not,
Where is *Lyſander*, and faire *Hermia?*
The one Ile ſlay: the other ſlayeth me.
Thou told'ſt me, they were ſtolne vnto this wood:
And here am I, and wodde, within this wood:
Becauſe I cannot meete my *Hermia.*
Hence, get the gone, and follow mee no more.
Hel. You draw mee, you hard hearted Adamant:
But yet you draw not Iron. For my heart
Is true as ſteele. Leaue you your power to draw,

And I ſhall haue no power to follow you.
Deme. Doe I entiſe you? Doe I ſpeake you faire?
Or rather doe I not in plaineſt truthe,
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you?
Hele. And euen, for that, do I loue you, the more:
I am your Spaniell: and, *Demetrius*,
The more you beat mee, I will fawne on you.
Vſe me but as your Spaniell: ſpurne me, ſtrike mee,
Neglect mee, looſe me: onely giue me leaue
(Vnworthie as I am) to follow you.
What worſer place can I begge, in your loue
(And yet, a place of high reſpect with mee)
Then to be vſed as you vſe your dogge.
Deme. Tempt not, too much, the hatred of my ſpirit.
For I am ſick, when I do looke on thee.
Hele. And I am ſick, when I looke not on you.
Deme. You doe impeach your modeſtie too much,
To leaue the citie, and commit your ſelfe,
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To truſt the opportunitie of night,
And the ill counſell of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginitie.
Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge: For that
It is not night, when I doe ſee your face.
Therefore, I thinke, I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company.
For you, in my reſpect, are all the world.
Then, how can it be ſaide, I am alone,
When all the world is here, to looke on mee?
Deme. Ile runne from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beaſtes.
Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you.
Runne when you will: The ſtory ſhall be chaunged:
Apollo flies and *Daphne* holds the chaſe:
The Doue purſues the Griffon: the milde Hinde